The Devourer and the Devoured

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The Devourer and the Devoured

by RomanM

Summary

> “You’re the Ripper.”
>
> Hannibal smiles and dips his head. “Yes, indeed. A pleasure to make your acquaintance, Special Agent Graham.”

Hannibal abducts and assaults Will.

Notes

Chosen Kinktober Prompt/s: Emetophilia & Dacryphilia

See the end of the work for more notes

Hannibal taps his fingers to the ticking of the clock, anticipation swirling in his veins. He knows that Will would wake up any minute now. After all, he planned the dosage to the drop after months of experimentation with his previous victims. Hannibal may have lost valuable meat in the process, the price cuts embittered and unsalvageable by the overdose, but it's worth it now that Will is mere seconds within his grasp.

True enough, Will begins to stir, groaning as he does so, his head lolling side to side. He blinks a few times until his sight clears, then with a gasp, he looks around the candlelit room, windowless and bare save for an ornately decorated dining table, a silk placemat, and silverware laid in front of him.

"Where— What is this?"

"Good evening, Will," Hannibal greets warmly, standing from his seat at the end of the table. "So glad you could join me."

"Hannibal, what—" Will stops abruptly and pales as he attempts to get up, only to find himself bound to his chair, its wooden legs screwed to the floor. He struggles instinctively, gritting his teeth as he tugs at the crimson ropes that bound his torso and calves to his seat, then as quickly as he began, he stills, his eyes widening. "You're the Ripper."

Hannibal smiles and dips his head. "Yes, indeed. A pleasure to make your acquaintance, Special Agent Graham."

There is a beat of silence and a sharp intake of breath before Will struggles violently against his bindings, the chair creaking as he does. He lets out a pitiful whimper when the rope digs harder into his limbs. If it weren't for his clothes, his tender flesh would've been chafed raw.

"Now, now, no need to panic," Hannibal says as he approaches, his footsteps echoing in the room. He pauses in front of Will, dragging his knuckles down his tense jaw as Will flinches at the contact. Despite the situation, his blue eyes burn bright with savage fire, and Hannibal wonders if he can snuff it out by the end of the night.

"I simply would like to have dinner with you. One moment, please."

Hannibal leaves him to retrieve a small wooden tray from a cart idling behind Will. It holds a large porcelain plate covered by a silver cloche and a saucière filled with a deep umber liquid. He places both on the mat with graceful ease.

"Braised shanks with port wine sauce," Hannibal states as he removes the cloche, presenting a generous slab of caramelized meat cradled by silky mashed potatoes. He then takes the saucière and pours the thyme-infused port wine sauce with a flourish, creating elegant swirls along the plate. It's much like their previous dinners but this time Will gags and turns his head away, his lips pressed into a thin line.

A flare of anger burns in Hannibal's chest but he ignores it for now, slicing a piece of the shank — taken from an air-headed seamstress who ruined one of his favorite suits — and

offering a forkful to Will, who only draws further away from him.

“Eat, Will,” he says, irritation seeping into his tone when Will shakes his head and keeps his mouth shut. “Eat. I won’t ask again.”

Will narrows his eyes at him. “Or what?”

“Or I will chew it for you and spit it into your mouth. Is that what you would prefer?”

Will falters, gulping quietly. Perhaps he had expected a quick yet brutal death — perhaps that was his intention all along, to spite Hannibal enough to get it over with — but Hannibal has no intention of harming him. Not yet, at least.

Will glares at him for one long moment before he sucks in a breath and slowly opens his mouth. Hannibal rests the silver tines along his teeth until Will's lips seal around the fork, making a small distressed sound as he does so. Even when the fork parts from his closed lips, Will simply holds the meat in his mouth, his disgust palpable. Hannibal tuts. “You are being terribly rude, Will. I’ve prepared this meal just for you.”

Before Will can retort, Hannibal wraps a hand around his throat, shoving him against the chair. He has to hold back a smile when he feels Will gasp and shiver beneath his touch, his pulse pounding against his palm. It’s adorable how eagerly he tempts Death, yet he cowers at the face of it.

“Chew and swallow. I want to feel it.” He squeezes in warning before Will disobeys again.

Will cries softly as he chews, his Adam’s apple bobbing when he swallows, and the sensation is more than enough to summon a searing desire within him. Hannibal wonders how it’d feel like to shove his cock deep into his throat, to force him to swallow his come. He holds onto the thought and allows a smile this time, inconceivably proud as he feeds Will bite after bite after bite until the plate is clean.

“Very good, Will,” he murmurs adoringly and he doesn’t miss how Will recoils at the praise. It doesn’t matter; appreciation can be taught with patience and time, and fortunately for Hannibal, he has all the time in the world.

He grabs a fistful of brown curls, tight and painful enough to keep Will from struggling too much — just enough, just to make his disobedience much more enjoyable to witness — then he picks up the knife on the table spread, showing how the blade glints in the candlelight. Will looks at it once, gasps, and goes deathly still.

It would be so easy to gut him then and there, to cut out his heart while he still breathes, smearing the air around them with his screams, and it truly is a shame that he can only hear it once. Perhaps there is another way to collect his screams, Hannibal decides, and he cuts off the ropes that secured him to the chair, leaving the box tie around his arms and chest intact.

“Kneel on the floor,” he says, gesturing with the knife. Will can only stare, dazed with fear and confusion, and Hannibal sighs disdainfully through his nose. He tugs Will by the collar and nearly tosses him down to the ground. “I said kneel. Must you always disobey me?”

Will yelps at the rough treatment, struggling to push himself off the ground with his arms bound behind his back. Hannibal waits until Will is finally kneeling back on his heels, looking up at him with wide ocean blue eyes. The desire roars back, burning through Hannibal's veins like acid. He chooses not to resist it any longer. He places the knife on the table, then with a firm hand at the back of Will's skull, he begins to unzip his fly. Will squirms away in alarm, attempting to rise to his feet and run but Hannibal's hand keeps him in place, the other pumping his hardening cock.

"No," Will gasps. "No, no, no, please don't."

Hannibal ignores him and ruts against his face, smearing precome all over his cheek, his lips, and Will snarls in response, baring gritted teeth. "You can't make me! I'll bite it off if I have to."

"My dear Will, if I ever feel your teeth, I will dislocate your jaw before I fuck your throat."

Will's eyes widen yet he still presses his lips together into a tight line, defiant despite the fear. It's quite admirable, but that won't do. Hannibal pinches his nose closed and watches his defiance change into panicked understanding. It doesn't take long before Will opens his mouth to take mouthfuls of air, only to find himself choking around Hannibal's cock.

He whines pitifully when Hannibal begins to move — in, out, in, out — heavy hands cupped around his skull to keep him still. Will glares at him through unshed tears, and Hannibal feels a brush of teeth. He tuts once again and slams deep inside, Will's nose pressed against the patch of wiry hair along his groin. "Remember, Will. No biting."

Will gags in answer, tears finally running down his reddened cheeks, and when Hannibal pushes in deeper, he feels him retching around his cock, wet warmth flooding into his mouth.

Hannibal's lips twitch into a frown. He spent hours preparing the meal and days hunting this long pig, all to be wasted on his basement floor. Will deserves to be punished for it, he thinks, but he looks quite delectable on his knees, begging for mercy with watery eyes. Greek gods have forgiven lovely maidens for worse crimes; perhaps some spillage may be allowed then.

Hannibal croons in mock pity and begins to fuck his throat in earnest, drool and vomit streaming down the corners of Will's mouth as he takes it as best as he can, whimpering and gagging all the while.

Hannibal scrunches his nose at the stench, sour and acrid. As lovely as Will looks to have his mouth stuffed full, it will only be a matter of time before the smell becomes unbearable. He pulls out unceremoniously and clamps a hand on Will's mouth. "Swallow it, darling."

Will tries to shake his head but retches once again, and Hannibal feels a line of drool and bile against his palm. He grips him tighter, fingers digging into his flushed skin. "Swallow it or I will make you lick it from the floor."

Will clenches his eyes shut, more tears trailing down his cheeks. He inhales deeply through his nose and begins to swallow it down, his gulps loud in the silent room. Hannibal watches

him in awe through it all, waiting until Will whimpers softly into his hand. “Are you done, darling?”

Will nods weakly and coughs when Hannibal finally releases him, sputtering onto the floor. He gives him a moment to recover before he presents his cock to him once more, slapping it against Will’s cheek. “Good. Very good, Will. Now, clean it up.”

Will hesitates but soon his tongue darts out to lick it clean, his breath bated and eyes shut closed. He sighs with relief when Hannibal finally pulls away, and Hannibal hums thoughtfully as he runs his thumb across his swollen lips. He supposes he could fuck his throat again, to use his pretty little mouth until he comes, but a different fantasy comes to mind.

“Can you stand, darling?” he asks and Will struggles to his feet, nearly falling flat on his face if it wasn’t for Hannibal helping him up. “There we go. Now, sit on the table. That’s my good boy.”

Will does what he’s told, hazy with nausea and exhaustion that it takes him a while to realize that Hannibal is touching his face so gently, so affectionately. He remains oblivious when his hands drag down to his neck, to his chest, to his stomach, and it is only when Hannibal begins to unbuckle his belt and unbutton his trousers that Will finally startles, kicking and screaming.

“Stop struggling,” Hannibal hisses at him.

“Let go of me! Let—”

“Will, calm down—”

“What the *fuck* is wrong with you? I said let—”

The slap reverberates in the quiet room and Will is stunned for a moment, disbelieving that Hannibal just struck him, that this is *actually happening*, that he probably wouldn’t make it out of this alive, and it’s more than enough time for Hannibal to pull down his boxers and trousers down to his knees.

“No! Hannibal, stop—”

Hannibal shoves the dinnerware away, silver and porcelain clattering together, then turns Will over roughly and spreads his ass cheeks apart, his grip harsh and bruising.

“Hannibal—”

“I said stop struggling, Will,” he snarls. “How many times will you keep on fighting me?”

“Please, don’t!” Will cries, bucking wildly beneath him, delirious with fear. Then Hannibal pushes in a dry finger and Will screams.

Hannibal groans at how warm and tight Will is around him, sucking him in deeper, and he has to resist the urge to fuck him there and then. He pulls out his finger and spits into his hole

before he is pressing in again, stretching him out, though before Will can grow accustomed to the intrusion, another finger joins the first and it *burns*.

“Please, please,” Will chokes out. “Please stop. I’ll do anything. Just stop—”

“I’m preparing you, darling. Would you rather take me dry?”

Will sobs, shaking his head. “No, no, *no*, I don’t— I don’t want this. Hannibal, please, stop —”

“Oh, Will,” he laughs, pulling out his fingers to spread his cheeks apart again, rubbing his cockhead against the spit-slick hole. “This isn’t about what you want.”

Then Hannibal thrusts in slow and deep, his satisfied groans drowned out by Will’s shrieks of pain. Will kicks and thrashes beneath him, his sweat and tears fragrant with panic, and Hannibal only sighs, holding him down by the nape and caging his legs between his own, relishing the added tightness. He can feel Will clench around him, trying to force him out, and the pressure feels divine. He chuckles, “You’re so tight for me. My beautiful, darling boy.”

Will is openly sobbing then, his tear-stained face pressed against the table, his feet kicking weakly at the floor.

“Please,” he begs. “Please.”

“Please what, Will?” Hannibal asks, and Will can only whine, his insides fluttering around him, urging him deeper until Hannibal cannot wait any longer. He begins to move.

Hannibal is not gentle. With one hand wrapped tight around his curls and the other gripping onto his waist, he fucks Will hard, each snap of his hips punctuated by Will’s guttural cries. He smells the sharp tang of blood amidst the smell of fear and vomit, and beneath it all, he can smell the salty scent of arousal. *Will’s arousal*.

Hannibal breathes in deeply. “My, my, you smell delicious, Will. Absolutely delicious.”

Will doesn’t respond, rendered wordless as Hannibal pistons in and out of him, his sounds strangled and animalistic, a prey in its death throes. It is music to his ears and he plans to drag more out of him. Although, perhaps a change of keys is in order.

Hannibal doesn’t slow his pace but grips Will’s hips, raising them slightly as he thrusts downwards just *so*, and Will’s cry breaks into a needy moan. Hannibal doesn’t miss the look of shocked pleasure that haunts his face before it turns into shame and disgust. Hannibal smiles cruelly as he thrusts in again, and again, and again, relishing the new sounds Will makes as he pounds his prostate. Then he reaches down to stroke Will’s cock only to find it hard and leaking onto the floor.

“Look at you, darling,” he laughs softly, amazed at his boy. “Look at how well your body responds to pain. To *me*.”

“Don’t,” Will squirms in his grasp. “Hannibal— S-stop—”

“Oh, but I can’t stop. You have no idea how long I’ve waited for this, Will. I just needed you to know me, to see me.” Hannibal drapes himself across his back, flattening him against the table. “See? Do you see me now, darling? See how much I love you, how much I adore you? You are perfect, my dear, and you are made just for me to use and to feed and to *fuck*.”

Will mewls, shivering beneath him so beautifully, and the urge to ravage him further grows. Hannibal grunts and growls into his sweat-drenched curls as his thrusts become more desperate, more erratic in chasing his pleasure, and Will screams when he finally comes into Hannibal’s hand, his hole squeezing him so tightly that Hannibal finds himself tipping over the edge abruptly. He doesn’t stop fucking into him until he is milked dry, until he is breathless and overstimulated, then he nuzzles Will’s head lovingly before he pulls out and rights his clothes, groaning in pleasure when he sees blood and come run down his shaking thighs.

Will stays where he leaves him, sobbing and hiccupping on the table, utterly broken. Hannibal approaches him after a moment, sitting on the edge to pet through his hair gently, brushing it away from his tear-stained face.

Will whimpers at the touch but doesn’t move away, and when he opens his eyes, there isn’t a hint of anger or vengeance. What Hannibal finds instead is accepted defeat. It is breathtaking.

“Are you going to kill me?” Will rasps out, his throat wrecked by screams.

Hannibal smiles sweetly. “No, my dear boy. I can never kill you.” Will’s eyes light up with both hope and alarm, and Hannibal smiles wider. “I’m going to keep you, Will. We will have so much fun together.”

Will breathes shakily, stifling another sob, and Hannibal lets him, cooing and petting his head. It may take a while but Hannibal knows Will would appreciate this someday. He will have to tie Will to the bed for now, to starve him until he is begging for human flesh, to fuck him until he can no longer come without Hannibal inside him, to subject him to both cruelty and kindness until Hannibal becomes his entire world.

Hannibal breathes out a pleased laugh. He can’t wait.

End Notes

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